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AND

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

"THE THINGS WHICH ARE SEEN ARE TEMPORAL; BUT THE THINGS WHICH ARE NOT SEEN ARE ETERNAL."

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The Principles of Nature.

MAMMON-WORSHIP.

BY JAMES MARTINEAU.

Liverpool, England.

IN NO TIME or country has Christianity ever been exhibited in its simple integrity. The soul of its author was the only pure and perfect expression of its spirit; it was at once the creator and the sole director of his mind;—born within that palace to be its Lord. In every other instance Christianity has been only one out of many influences concerned in forming the character of its professors; and they have given it various shapes, according to the climate, the society, the occupations in which they have lived. The prejudices and passions of every community,—the inevitable growth of its position, have weakened its religion and morality in some points, and strengthened them in others. So that all particular Christianities are distortions of the great original; like paintings placed in a false light; or rather like those grotesque images seen in the concave surfaces of things, which,—lengthen or shorten as they may,—spoil the beauty that depends upon proportion. The student will find in his religion the nutriment of divinest speculation,—the tenets of a sublime philosophy in which heaven resolves the great problems of duty, fate and futurity; and when his genius soars to the highest heaven of invention, he feels that he is borne upon his faith, as on eagle's wings. The patriot, cast on evil times, without a glimpse of these contemplative subtleties, sees in the law of liberty,—hears in it a clear call, as from the trumpet of God, to vindicate the rights of the oppressed; he delights to read how Christ provoked bigots to gnash their teeth with rage, and Paul proclaimed that of one blood were all nations made. The peasant lays to heart its mercy to the pure, and its promise to the good. The merchant takes it as the root of uprightness; the artist visits it as the source of moral beauty the most divine. The system is edited anew in the mind of every class.

Various causes, both social and political, are filling us more and more with a manufacturing and mercantile population. The fact, taken in all its connections, is by no means to be deplored; and in various ways comprises in it auguries of vast good. But in the meanwhile it is attended with this particular result; that the *spirit of gain* is ascendant over every other passion and pursuit by which men can be occupied. Neither pleasure, nor art, nor glory, can beguile our people from their profits. War was their madness once; but the temple of Moloch is deserted, and morning and evening the gates of Mammon are thronged now. There is the idol from whose seductions our Christianity has most to fear. Without indulging in any sentimental declamation against the pursuit and influence of wealth, we may be permitted to feel, that this is the quarter from which, specifically, our moral and religious sentiments are most in danger of being vitiated. The habits which produce the danger may be inevitable, forced upon us by a hard social necessity; still in bare self-knowledge there is self-protection. For, the danger of a vice is not like the danger of a pestilence, in which the most un-

conscious are the most safe; and the fear of contagion, which, in the one case, absorbs the poison into the veins of the body, repulses in the other the temptation from the mind.

The excess, to which this master-passion is carried, perverts our just and natural estimate of happiness. It cannot be otherwise when that which is but a means is elevated into the greatest of ends; when that which gives command over some physical comforts become the object of intenser desire than all blessings intellectual and moral, and we live to get rich, instead of getting rich that we may live. The mere lapse of years is not life: to eat and drink and sleep; to be exposed to the darkness and light; to pace round in the mill of habit, and turn the wheel of wealth; to make reason our book-keeper, and turn thought into an implement of trade,—this is not life. In all this, but a poor fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awakened; and the sanctities still slumber which make it most worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone give vitality to the mechanism of existence; the laugh of mirth that vibrates through the heart, the tears that freshen the dry wastes within, the music that brings childhood back, the prayer that calls the future near, the doubt which makes us meditate, the death which startles us with mystery, the hardship that forces us to struggle, the anxiety that ends in trust—are the true nourishment of our natural being. But these things, which penetrate to the very core and marrow of existence, the votaries of riches are apt to fly; they like not anything that touches the central and immortal consciousness; they hurry away from occasions of sympathy into the snug retreat of self; escape from life into the pretended cares for a livelihood; and die at length busy as ever in preparing the means of living.

With a large, and I fear, a predominant class among us, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that money "measurcth all things," and is more an object of ambition than any of the ends to which it affects to be subservient. It is the one standard of value, which gives estimation to the vilest things that have it, and leaves in contempt the best that are without it. It is set up as the *measure of knowledge*; for is it not notorious that no intellectual attainments receive a just appreciation, but those which may be converted into gold; that this is the rule by which, almost exclusively, parents compute the worth of their children's education, and determine its character and extent? It is not enough that the understanding burns with generous curiosity for the conquest of some new science, or the fancy for some new accomplishment; it is not enough that a study is needed to brace the faculties with health, or illumine the imagination with beauty, or agitate the heart with high sympathies; "but what is the use of it?" is the question still asked,—as if it were not use enough, instead of a trader to make a man. Research and speculation which do not visibly tend to the production of wealth are regarded by all, except the classes engaged in their pursuit, as the dignified frivolities of whimsical men; and though they may bear the torch into the darkness of antiquity, or open some unexplored domain of nature, they must not expect more than a cold tolerance. Still worse; money with us is the *measure of morality*; for those parts and attributes of virtue are in primary esteem which are conducive to worldly aggrandize-

ment; and it is easy to perceive that no others are objects of earnest and hearty ambition. Industry and regularity, and a certain easy amount of pecuniary probity, being indispensable instruments of prosperity, the great moral forces of trade, are in no country held in higher worth; but the amenities which spread a grace over the harsher features of life, the clear veracity that knows truth and profit to be incommensurable things, and the generous affections whose coin is in sympathy as well as gold, are the objects of but slight care and slighter culture. The current ideas of human nature and character are graduated by the same rule, and err on the side, not of generosity, but of prudence. The experienced are habitually anxious to give the young such an estimate of mankind, as may prove, not the most true, but the most profitable,—an estimate so depressed into caution as to be altogether below justice. To escape one or two possible rogues, we must suppose nobody true; for the sake of pecuniary safety, we must submit to the moral wretchedness of universal distrust, and blacken the great human heart for our private ease; as if it were not better to run the risk of ruin, than grow familiar with so vast a lie; happier to be bankrupt in wealth than in the humanities. But alas! with us money is the *measure of all utility*; it is this which constitutes the real though disguised distinction between the notions of theory and practice. A truth may be in the highest degree grand and important, may relieve many a cold and heavy doubt, and open many a fair and brilliant vision; but unless it has some reference to money, it is pronounced a mere theory. A social improvement may be suggested, which promises to remove some absurd anomaly, to assert some comprehensive principle, or annihilate some sufferings of mere feeling; but because it has no direct relation to the mechanism of property, it is set aside as not practical. By an unnatural abuse of terms, practical men do not mean with us, those who study the bearing of things on human life in its widest comprehension, but men who value everything by its effect upon the purse.

In obedience to the same dominant passion, vast numbers spend their term of mortal service in restless and uneasy competition, in childish struggles for a higher place in the roll of opulence or fashion, in jealousies that gnaw to the very heart of luxury, in ambition that spoils the present splendor by the shadow of some new want. Happy they of simpler feelings, who have taken counsel of a pure nature about the economy of good; who know from what slight elements the hand of taste can weave the colors into the web of life, and from what familiar memories the heart draws the song of cheerfulness as the work proceeds; who find no true pleasure marred because it is plebeian, nor any indulgence needful because decreed by custom; who discern how little the palace can add to the sincere joy of a loving and a Christian home, and feel that nature dwells at the center after all; who have the firmness to retire to that inner region, and embrace the toils of reason, the labors of sympathy, the strife of conscience, the exhaustless ambition of Duty, as Heaven's own way to combine the divinest activity with the profoundest repose.

The prevalent occupations of the community in which we live have a tendency to pervert our moral sentiments and social affections, no less than our estimates of happiness. In a society so engrossed with the ideas connected with property, so eternally dwelling on the distinction of *meum* and *tuum*, men naturally learn to think and speak of all things in the language belonging to this relation; to use it as an illustration of matters less familiar to them, and apply its imagery and analogies to subjects of a totally different character. Over their property the authority of law gives them absolute right and control; no man may touch it with his finger, or call them to account for its disposal. I need not stop to acknowledge, what is too plain for any one to doubt, that this sanctity of property from invasion is, to any society, the very cement of its civilization. Yet there is an unquestionable danger of giving this notion of irresponsible

possession an application beyond its proper range; of permitting the sense of legal right to creep insensibly into the domain of moral obligation, and spread there the feeling of personal self-will, and set up the caprices of inclination for the deliberations of duty. Men are exceedingly apt to imagine, that nothing can be seriously *wrong*, which they have a *right* to do; to forget that the license which is allowed by law, may be sternly prohibited by morality. How little concern does any wise and conscientious principle appear to have with the expenditure of private revenue, especially where that revenue is the largest! How despotically there do mere whim and chance suggestion appear to reign! How wastefully are the elements of human enjoyment squandered in pernicious luxuries, or dissipated in random experiments of benevolence, of which a little knowledge beforehand might have taught the result just as well as the failure afterwards! And if ever a gentle remonstrance is insinuated, how instantly does the vulgar and ignorant feeling leap forth, "and may I not do what I like with my own?" No, you may not, unless your liking and your duty are in happy accordance. Morally you are as much bound to distribute your own wealth wisely, as to abstain from touching another man's, bound by the very same fundamental reasons, which forbid the privation of human enjoyment no less than the creation of human misery. As large a portion of well-being may be sacrificed by an act of wilful extravagance, as by the commission of a dishonesty: and were it of a nature to be definable by law, would merit as severe a punishment. Shall any thing then deter us from saying that such self-indulgence is a thief?

But the feelings which are entertained toward property,—the feelings of absolute and irresponsible control,—are very apt to extend to whatever it can purchase and procure; and unhappily, to the services of those human beings who yield us their labor for hire. There is nothing over which a man exercises such uncontrolled power as his purse; and (where no principle of justice and benevolence intervenes) but one remove from this despotism, are placed his dependants. In them, the right of every human being, to be appreciated according to its moral worth, is forgotten; and the rule by which they are judged is their mechanical use to the master, not their excellence in themselves. That they are responsible agents (except to their employers,) that they have an intelligence that may be the receptacle of truth, hearts that may shelter gentle sympathies, and a work of duty to carry on beneath the eye of God, that their bodies are of the same clay and their life constructed of the same vicissitudes as ours,—are thoughts that too seldom occur to lead us to consult their feelings, to allow for their temptations, to respect their conscience and improvement, as would become a fraternal and a Christian heart. How hardly are they judged! By how much more rigid a rule than that which we apply to our friends or to ourselves! What order, what punctuality, what untiring industry, what equanimity of temper, what abstinent integrity, is imperiously and mercilessly demanded by many a master, lax and lazy, and passionate himself! Oh! with what biting indignation have I seen those most wretched of educated beings, the governess in a family or the usher in a school, worked to the bone without the help of a sympathy, moving in perpetual rotation, with no feeling but of the daily whirl, and of incessant friction upon all that is most tender in their nature; expected to have all perfections, intellectual and moral, and to dispense with the respect which is their natural due; copiously blamed for what is wrong, but scantily praised for what is right; paid but never cheered; and when worn threadbare at last, put away as one of the cast-off shreds of society, that only deforms the house filled with purple and fine linen. This is the consequence of that state of things in which (to use the words of a Church Dignitary, who could find it in his heart to write them without a syllable of regret or rebuke) "poverty is infamous;" and in which knowledge and virtue weigh nothing against gold. Let the children of labor remember that they

are of the class which he of Nazareth dignified; that peradventure, in his youthful days of mechanic toil, he too was looked on by the coarse eye of sheer power; and yet nurtured amid indignities and neglect, the spirit that made him divinely wise.

The despotic temper, which is apt to be engendered by wealth in one direction, is naturally connected with servility in the opposite. For the very same reason that we regard those who are beneath us almost as if they were our property, we must regard ourselves almost as if we were the property of those above us. There is little, I fear, that is intellectual or moral in that sort of independence which is the proverbial characteristic of our countrymen; it consists either in mere churlishness of manner, or in overbearing tyranny to those of equal or lower grade. It would be inconsistent not to yield that respect to the purse in others, which men are fond of claiming for it in themselves; and accordingly it is to be feared that in few civilized countries is there so much sycophancy as in this; so many creatures ready to crawl round a heap of gold; so many insignificant shoals gleaming round every great ship that rides over the surface of society. It is a grievous evil arising hence, that the judgments and moral feelings of society lose their clear sightedness and power; that the same rules are not applied to the estimate of rich and poor; that there is a rank which almost enjoys immunity from the verdict of a just public sentiment, where the most ordinary qualities receive a mischievous adulation, and even grave sins are judged lightly or not at all. But it is a more grievous ill that the witchery thus strikes with a foul blight the true manhood of the children of God;—the manhood, not of limbs or life, but of a spirit free and pure; of an understanding open to all truth, and venerating it too deeply to love it except for itself, or barter it for honor or for gold; of a heart enthralled by no conventionalisms, bound by no frosts of custom, but the perennial fountain of all pure humanities; of a will at the mercy of no tyrant without and no passion within; of a conscience erect under all the pressure of circumstances, and ruled by no power inferior to the everlasting law of Duty; of affections gentle enough for the humblest sorrows of earth, lofty enough for the aspirings of the skies. In such manhood, full of devout strength and open love, let every one that owns a soul see that he stands fast; in its spirit, at once humane and heavenly, do the work, accept the good, and bear the burdens of his life. Its healthful power will reveal the sickness of our selfishness; and recall us from the poisonous level of our luxuries and vanities to the reviving breath and the mountain heights of God. There could be no deliverer more true than he who should thus emancipate himself and us. Oh! blessed are they who, for the peace and ornament of life, dare to rely, not on the glories which Solomon affected, but on those which Jesus loved;—glories which even God may behold with complacency,—nay, in which he shines himself; glories of nature, richer than of man's device; genuine graces, resembling the inimitable beauties of the lilies of the field, painted with the hues of heaven, while bending over the soil of earth.

NEITHER THE LOVELINESS OF NATURE; neither the joy of Genius, nor the sweet breathing of congenial hearts, that make delicious music as they beat,—neither one nor all of these can equal the joy of the religious soul that is at one with God, so full of peace that prayer is needless. This deeper joy gives an added charm to the former blessings. Nature undergoes a new transformation. A story tells that when the rising sun fell on Memnon's statue it wakened music in that breast of stone. Religion does the same with Nature. From the shining snake to the waterfall, it is all eloquent of God. As to John in the Apocalypse, there stands an angel in the sun; the seraphim hang over every flower; God speaks in each little grass that fringes a mountain rock. Then even Genius is wedded to a greater bliss. His thoughts shine more brilliant, when set in the light of Religion. Friendship and Love it renders infinite.

SALVATION.

SALVATION is safety from sin, through the power of Practical Religion, that is to say, the power of a good and holy spirit, and a pure and righteous life.

Perhaps there is no term so much in use, among professedly religious people, as this word "Salvation;" and there is none that is used more loosely, more indefinitely, and more widely apart from its true meaning. Thus it has been used as identical with Belief; and to say that a man is a believer is the same thing as declaring that he is saved.

There are many who, while they make Religion consist in mere doctrines and theological speculations, regard Salvation as consisting in a mere intellectual belief in such doctrines. "Believe and you shall be saved," say they. This is owing, perhaps, almost wholly to a misinterpretation of the words "belief" and "believe" as used in the Scriptures. The word "belief," in the Scriptures, means, not a mere dead intellectual faith, or assent of the mind, but a living faith, an earnest and hearty confidence in those practical principles of Religion that shall lead us to apply them to our lives and conduct; "a faith that works by love and purifies the heart;" a faith that necessarily leads to works, and not the faith without works that is dead. A saving belief in Christ is not a mere belief in his existence, in his nature, character, or power, but a faith in his precepts so strong as to lead us to obey them; a faith in his spirit and in his life so effective as to induce us to be governed by the same spirit and lead the same life. For, as Paul says, "we are saved by his life."

It has been imagined by some that a mere intellectual belief of, or rather assent to, the doctrines of the Trinity and the Atonement is, in itself, saving, and that such an assent is absolutely necessary to salvation. We say "assent," and not "belief;" for *there can be no belief in what are professed to be "mysteries,"—in what cannot be perceived and understood. For belief is the involuntary assent of the mind to what it perceives and understands to be true.* What we see to be true, that we cannot, by any possibility, help believing, refuse to acknowledge it and deny it as we may.

And a mere belief in the practical principles of Religion, even, cannot save men from sin, cannot make them good, much less an assent to any speculations about the modes of God's existence and the mere philosophy of Human Salvation. As well might the farmer regard a mere belief in the true principles of agriculture as sufficient, without any labor of his own, to save his lands from deterioration, and cause them to yield bounteous harvests and abundant fruits, as a professed Christian, that a mere belief in the best doctrines and the purest and loftiest principles of religion can save him from sin and suffering, and produce in him the good fruits of a virtuous life. Mere belief, then, is not saving.

Again: There are some who regard rites and prayers and ceremonies as saving, in and of themselves, irrespective of their influence upon the life. But the truest and best prayer is but an earnest desire for safety from sin and evil, and for purity, goodness, and a resemblance to God. The rite of Baptism is but an outward washing, and a mere sign or emblem of inward purification and the baptism of the spirit. It is nothing,—nay, only a solemn mockery,—without it is accompanied with that purity of soul and life of which it is but the symbol. And so of all other religious forms and ceremonies.

[RICHARDSON'S THEOLOGY.]

LET ME HAVE FRIENDS who have spirits magnificent and stable as mountains, vast and weariless as the sea, and deep as star-space; while, at the same time, they are lovely as a flower, and simple as a dew drop,—or, let me be all that, and I can afford to be alone, though companionship is grateful, and sympathy sweet and comforting.

C. W.

CREEDS.

BY WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

I CANNOT BUT LOOK ON HUMAN CREEDS with feelings approaching contempt. When I bring them into contrast with the New Testament, into what insignificance do they sink! What are they? Skeletons, freezing abstractions, metaphysical expressions of unintelligible dogmas; and these I am to regard as the expositions of the fresh, living, infinite truth which came from Jesus! I might with equal propriety be required to hear and receive the lisps of infancy as the expressions of wisdom. Creeds are to the Scriptures, what rush-lights are to the sun. The creed-maker defines Jesus in half a dozen lines, perhaps in metaphysical terms, and calls me to assent to this account of my Savior. I learn less of Christ by this process, than I should learn of the sun, by being told that this glorious luminary is a circle about a foot in diameter. There is but one way of knowing Christ. We must place ourselves near him, see him, hear him, follow him from his cross to the heavens, sympathise with him and obey him, and thus catch clear and bright glimpses of his divine glory.

Christian Truth is Infinite. Who can think of shutting it up in a few lines of an abstract creed? You might as well compress the boundless atmosphere, the fire, the all-pervading light, the free winds of the universe, into separate parcels, and weigh and label them, as break up Christianity into a few propositions. Christianity is freer, more illimitable, than the light or the winds. It is too mighty to be bound down by man's puny hands. It is a spirit rather than a rigid doctrine, the spirit of boundless love. The Infinite cannot be defined and measured out like a human manufacture. It cannot be reduced to a system. It cannot be comprehended in a set of precise ideas. It is to be felt rather than described. The spiritual impressions which a true Christian receive from the character and teachings of Christ, and in which the chief efficacy of the religion lies, can be poorly brought out in words. Words are but brief, rude hints of a Christian's mind. His thoughts and feelings overflow them. To those who feel as he does, he can make himself known; for such can understand the tones of the heart; but he can no more lay down his religion in a series of abstract propositions, than he can make known in a few vague terms the expressive features and inmost soul of a much-loved friend. It has been the fault of all sects, that they have been too anxious to define their religion. They have labored to circumscribe the infinite. Christianity, as it exists in the mind of the true disciple, is not made up of fragments, of separate ideas which he can express in detached propositions. It is a vast and ever-unfolding whole, pervaded by one spirit, each precept and doctrine deriving its vitality from its union with all. When I see this generous, heavenly doctrine compressed and cramped in human creeds, I feel as I should were I to see screws and chains applied to the countenance and limbs of a noble fellow-creature, deforming and destroying one of the most beautiful works of God.

From the infinity of Christian Truth, it follows that our views of it must always be very imperfect, and ought to be continually enlarged. The wisest theologians are children who have caught but faint glimpses of the religion; who have taken but their first lessons; and whose business it is "to grow in the knowledge of Jesus Christ." Need I say how hostile to this growth is a fixed creed, beyond which we must never wander. Such a religion as Christ's demands the highest possible activity and freedom of the soul. Every new gleam of light should be welcomed with joy. Every hint should be followed out with eagerness. Every whisper of the divine voice in the soul should be heard. The love of Christian truth should be so intense, as to make us willing to part with all other things for a better comprehension of it. Who does not see that human creeds, setting bounds to thought, and telling us where all inquiry must stop, tend to repress this holy zeal, to shut our eyes on new illumina-

tion, to hem us within the beaten paths of man's construction, to arrest that perpetual progress which is the life and glory of an immortal mind.

It is another and great objection to creeds, that, wherever they acquire authority, they interfere with that simplicity and godly sincerity, on which the efficacy of religious teaching very much depends. That a minister should speak with power, it is important that he should speak from his own soul, and not studiously conform himself to modes of speaking which others have adopted. It is important that he should give out the truth in the very form in which it presents itself to his mind, in the very words which offer themselves spontaneously as the clothing of his thoughts. To express our own minds frankly, directly, fearlessly, is the way to reach other minds. Now it is the effect of creeds to check this free utterance of thought. The minister must seek words which will not clash with the consecrated articles of his church. If new ideas spring up in his mind, not altogether consonant with what the creed-monger has established, he must cover them with misty language. If he happen to doubt the standard of his church, he must strain its phraseology, must force it beyond its obvious import, that he may give his assent to it without departures from truth. All these processes must have a blighting effect on the mind and heart. They impair self-respect. They cloud the intellectual eye. They accustom men to tamper with truth. In proportion as a man dilutes his thought and suppresses his conviction, to save his orthodoxy from suspicion; in proportion as he borrows his words from others, instead of speaking in his own tongue; in proportion as he distorts language from its common use, that he may stand well with his party; in that proportion he clouds and degrades his intellect, as well as undermines the manliness and integrity of his character. How deeply do I commiserate the minister, who, in the warmth and freshness of youth, is visited with glimpses of higher truth than is embodied in the creed, but who dares not be just to himself, and is made to echo what is not the simple, natural expression of his own mind! Better were it for us to beg our bread and clothe ourselves in rags, than to part with Christian simplicity and frankness. Better for a minister to preach in barns or the open air, where he may speak the truth from the fulness of his soul, than to lift up in cathedrals, amidst pomp and wealth, a voice which is not true to his inward thoughts. If they who wear the chains of creeds, once knew the happiness of breathing the air of freedom, and of moving with an unincumbered spirit, no wealth or power in the world's gift would bribe them to part with their spiritual liberty.

Another sad effect of creeds is, that they favor unbelief. It is not the object of a creed to express the simple truths of our religion, though in these its efficiency chiefly lies, but to embody and decree those mysteries about which Christians have been contending. I use the word "mysteries," not in the Scriptural but popular sense, as meaning doctrines which give a shock to the reason, and seem to contradict some acknowledged truth. Such mysteries are the staples of creeds. The celestial virtues of Christ's character, these are not inserted into articles of faith. On the contrary, doctrines which from their darkness or unintelligibility have provoked controversy, and which owe their importance very much to the circumstance of having been fought for or fought against for ages, these are thrown by the creed-makers into the foremost ranks of the religion, and made its especial representatives. Christianity as set forth in creeds is a propounder of dark sayings, of riddles, of knotty propositions, of apparent contradictions. Who, on reading these standards, would catch a glimpse of the simple, pure, benevolent, practical character of Christianity? And what is the result? Christianity becoming identified, by means of creeds, with so many dark doctrines, is looked on by many as a subject for theologians to quarrel about, but too thorny or perplexed for common minds, while it is spurned by many more as an insult on human reason, as a triumph of fanaticism over common sense.

THE SABBATH.

BY THEODORE PARKER.

IT IS SOMETIMES SAID that the present prevalent notions respecting Sunday, notwithstanding they are untrue, superstitious and unchristian, are yet "safe," and therefore it is very improper to come forward and oppose them. I heard a man say that if he had the whole of God's truth shut up in his left hand, he would not allow a man to unlock even his little finger. That is not my creed at all. I do not believe mankind is in the least danger of being ruined by an *excess of truth*. I have that confidence in truth, that I fear it not under any circumstances; but I do fear error, whether coming from churches, states, or majorities, or minorities, in the world.

This untrue doctrine has, already, not only deprived us of a great many advantages which we might receive on Sunday, but has brought numerous positive and dreadful evils upon us. In the first place, it has prevented the proper use of the Sunday. It has taught us to observe the Sunday, not for itself, but as a duty; to keep it from *fear*, and not from *love*. It has made it a day, stern, dark, and disagreeable, to at least one half of the people of this land.

Out of this notion, in the next place, there has grown this idea, that while, for common offences, God allows the natural laws of the universe to keep the even tenor of their way; while he sends no lightning to fall upon the man who steals, or who commits murder or the foulest crimes, yet for the purpose of punishing those who break the Sabbath, He works miracles; He overturns boats on the waters, strikes barns with lightning, and throws men from the tops of their hay-ricks; and thus overturns the laws of nature for the purpose of punishing the man who does what he might have done with a good conscience on Saturday or Monday. That notion has been sedulously promoted among the people. I know not the men engaged in this work. Some of them, I doubt not, are good men, and honest men. It is not for me to sit in judgment on them. I will suppose they have walked by their light. I will not judge the men, but I will judge of their light by the manner of their walking.

Again, this popular notion about the Sunday works badly, by preventing reform meetings. It was my lot to pass ten years of my life in a little village not ten miles from Boston, where there was an Orthodox meeting. I think that minister sincere, as I am sincere; but no Temperance meeting, Peace meeting, or Anti-Slavery meeting, could be held in his church; not a marriage or a funeral could take place on Sunday. He could not hinder men from dying on that day, but he would hinder them from being buried. Now, all reforms find this a great obstacle in their way. Sunday is a leisure day. It is a day when it is thought wicked to read any secular book. It may be the best book that ever was written, but it is wrong to read it on Sunday. But the people don't think it is wicked to meet together in a church, and hear what is told them there. Sunday, therefore, would afford the very best opportunity for the reformer to do his work. On other days, the Temperance men, and the Anti-Slavery men, and the Peace men, find their hearers at work. The men who would substitute for the present modes of education, a wiser, and better, and bigger education of the people, cannot find an audience. The Sunday, then, would afford these Reformers a good opportunity of gaining access to men's hearts; but they are met at the very threshold of the church with, "It is the Lord's day; you must only preach the gospel." It is thought because it is Sunday, that the gospel on that day means nothing but what is purely theological. One may preach upon the damnation of infants, or ninety-nine hundredths of the whole human race, and not entrench upon the rules which fortify the Sunday. But if he shows that Intemperance is a crime; it is wrong to make rum, and to sell rum; it poisons

people; it is wrong to fight the infamous war off there in Mexico, and to fight the battles on Sunday,—that moment he is thrust out of the church door, and told that the church is not the place for him, and Sunday is not the day for that. The same thing takes place in our day as in Christ's day. The child of the drunkard, and the orphan of the soldier butchered in Mexico,—these come to the reformer, and say, "Save us, cleanse us, help us!" and the worshipers of the Sabbath day, as the Pharisees of old said, though I hope with better motives, "Are there not six days in which ye can come and be healed? Why not come then?" This grows unavoidably out of this false doctrine, which we are told it is "safe" to let remain.

This is not all. The tendency is to make religion merely ceremonial. I think a great deal of the ceremoniousness and sanctimoniousness of our religion has come from this idea; and, accordingly, we have seen this phenomenon presented constantly in a thousand shapes before us, of men so exceedingly scrupulous about the first day of the week, and so exceedingly unscrupulous on every other day. The moment we abolish the superstition connected with this, the moment we view the Sunday as Paul viewed it, and as all the Gentile Christians viewed it, as a day like other days, which it is expedient to devote to religious purposes, then all this host of evils stops at once, for the superstition I have mentioned is the mother of all these abominations.

It is no part of my plan "to give up the Sunday," to devote the day to business, to mere idleness, to mere amusement. I should be sorry to see it thus spent. We shall always have *work* enough in New England; and if Moses were to legislate for us, I think he would sooner have two rest-days in the week than abandon one. I would turn the Sunday into a day of rest for the body—a day devoted to rest—to religious, moral and intellectual culture, to social intercourse,—a day of freedom, not of bondage; still less a day of riot and license. I would shun the superstitions which now rob us of half the blessings of the Sunday,—but would not, as our Puritan fathers, go from one wrong to another wrong. I would not keep the Sunday like a fanatic; I would not, like a fanatic, destroy it.

PARABLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELMUM,

BY CHARLES WORTH.

IS THE WORLD FALSE and cruel to thee? Read this PARABLE.

One time an earthquake rent the granite ribs of a mountain, thereby giving vent to a fountain, from which was born a humble rivulet.

The first summer in the life of the streamlet was spent in the work of nursing little modest flowers along its way. Very beautiful and holy was this blessing and being blessed. Eolus saw it, and smiled, and made the rill laugh in wavelets to the flowers, and made them nod and courtesy to it, in a very coquettish manner. But Boreas came along, with his freezing disposition, and frowned cold terror, as he always does on warm beauty. The flowers perished at once; and ice ensurfaced the rill, which confined itself in an automure; but flowed on as before, glad in its own being; no less, no weaker, than it had been. The grim winter could not freeze it from existence; nor did it, in anger or fear, shrink back into the ground, and adopt a cave life, like an apanthropist.

The rivulet of the north pursued its course till it became a river in the far south, where winter never came, and where it could water magnificent forests, as well as lowly beds of flowers, beneath the smiles of summer always; and also float on its strong breast many a vessel for the use of man.

Be thou that tiny streamlet, becoming the strong river.

Psychological Department.

PREMONITIONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCÆLUM.

THAT MEN HAVE, in all ages, received intimation of future events, of a marked or painful character, is susceptible of the clearest proof, both from recorded history, and the experience and traditions of almost every family. It is true that a mistaken idea has long been attached to either side of these circumstances. By the vulgar they were considered as preternatural; and by those who claimed to possess the philosophical spirit in a higher degree, they were unceremoniously set aside, as whims of a distempered fancy, or illusions of the senses. But notwithstanding this summary mode of treatment, the facts stood there, in all the stubborn severity of their nature; and they would not be laid at rest, though all the philosophers in the world might use their utmost endeavor to exorcise them. Neither could the great Enchanter of the North, Sir Walter Scott, conjure up a spell of sufficient power, to subdue these pertinacious truths. They would not, at his bidding, potent as it was, hide themselves in the Red sea, or in any other unsearchable place. They were not born for oblivion; and so to fulfil the law of their being, they must live. And here let me observe, it is a curious fact, that among the numerous instances which the above distinguished author brought together, in his work on "Demonology and Witchcraft," there are very few cases of this kind, which can be explained away—or which he attempts to account for, by any philosophy; so that the main lesson of his two most interesting volumes seems to be, that there are certain circumstances interwoven with human affairs, about which philosophers had better remain silent, since they can neither understand nor explain them. Indeed, if the believer in premonitions and spiritual appearances wanted authority to sustain his doctrine, he could hardly expect to find better than in these two volumes of assumed confutation. This much by way of preface.

My paternal grandfather was a man of that patriarchal mold of character, that combines great benevolence, and natural urbanity, with a conscientiousness and firmness, which, but for these tempering principles, would have been severe. He was not imaginative, and he had also a large share both of moral and physical courage. Hence his truthfulness was undoubted, and he was neither liable to be easily frightened, or imposed on by any trick of fancy.

One summer evening, just before sunset, as he was returning from the neighboring town, and riding leisurely and thoughtfully through his front yard, he chanced to look into a garden adjoining, and there he saw two of his daughters walking along the central avenue, not side by side, but one following at a little distance after the other. These girls were then supposed to be sinking with the consumption, a malady which had carried off several of the family. Fearing they might take cold by exposure to the evening dew, my grandfather called them by name, and desired them to come directly into the house. Upon this they quickened their pace; and passing through a gap in the wall, that opened into a large peach-orchard beyond, they disappeared from his view. There was a row of trees standing along the wall between the garden and peach-orchard, and these, as well as the wall itself, were covered by a luxuriant grape-vine, which in fact nearly closed the passage also, with the delicate tracery of its young and tender branches; so that all beyond the space where the figures seemed to enter, lay in deep shadow. My grandfather thought this conduct very strange; for he was accustomed to strict obedience and respect, from all the members of his family. Full of anxiety he hurried into the house: and proceeding directly to my grandmother's sitting room, he earnestly addressed her, in his accustomed manner:

"Mother, why do you let the girls stay out so late? Don't you think they will take cold?"

"What girls?" she asked.

"Why Susan and Hetty;" he replied. "They are walking in the garden, and in very thin white dresses."

"What makes you talk so?" returned my grandmother; "they are not in the garden; and have not been there for a long time; nor are they dressed in white. They are up stairs!"

"Why mother!" he responded, "I saw them with my own eyes, and just as plainly as I see you, at this moment. They were walking in the garden; and when I called to them to come in, they turned round and looked at me; and then they went off into the peach-orchard, when I lost sight of them. I certainly thought their conduct very strange."

"You *must* be mistaken, father. They have not been down stairs for several hours. I will go and speak to them, in order to convince you of your mistake."

As she spoke she stepped into the hall, and called the girls to come down, when they immediately came, and both of them in dark dresses. They looked very pale and miserable: and my grandfather found it difficult to conceal his secret anxiety on their account. But he questioned them very closely, whether they had been out walking, or had lately changed their dresses; when they both averred that they had not changed their clothes since morning, or been in the garden during the day.

In a very short time these girls fell a prey to the disease which was then corroding their vitals; and the order of their death was that of the appearance and disappearance of their forms, as seen by my grandfather. This story was often told in the family, as one of those unaccountable events which were, in those times, called very strange, and wondered at—but never accounted for. The character of the witness precluded all question of the fact; but no one, in those days, ever dreamed that the occurrence might be explained on philosophical principles.

To the above account I will now add another, which was related to me by a friend, who well knew the circumstances; for they occurred in her own family. My narrator had an aunt, who was the wife of a sea-captain, residing I think in Bristol, R. I. One day while her husband was away at sea, as a little girl of six years old, daughter of the above lady, was standing in a chair by the window, suddenly her eyes were fixed, and her whole person became rigid, as if she were about passing into a fit, when she uttered a fearful screech, her whole countenance wearing the expression of one who was looking on some fearful and distressing scene. Her mother, and other friends, hurried to her relief; and inquiring what ailed her, strove to withdraw her from the window. But she clung to the casement, begging not to be taken away. In the mean time, redoubling her screeches, she cried out in the intervals: "O, my father! he is drowning in the water!—he is drowning in the water!" In this state she remained a half an hour; and during this time no effort could soothe, or pacify her; but afterwards she sunk to sleep from mere exhaustion. The circumstance was so remarkable that the exact time of the paroxysm was noted down; and when the next news from the ship arrived, it was found that the father of the child had, at the precise time of the attack, fallen overboard in a storm. For one half hour he was swimming after the vessel; and those on board being unable to save him, he was drowned.

The little girl who manifested this high degree of natural clair-voyance, was a very beautiful and precocious child—one of those sweet angel natures, that sometimes shine over the dark ground of life, a ray of peerless light, which is too soon absorbed by the heaven, from whence it had stolen away. She died very early.

NEVER EITHER PRAISE or dispraise yourself; your actions do this sufficiently.

Poetry.

SPIRIT GUESTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELM,
BY FANNY GREEN.

THE STARRY FOLDS of evening
Float around the silver moon,
And her rays illumine the greenness
Of the "leafy month of June."
The waters hush their voices,
As if they heard a tone
Of spiritual music,
In the gentle zephyr's moan.

The silvery stems bend softly
Of the tender willow trees,
And the palmy ferns are sighing
'Neath the moist lip of the breeze.
The forest trees stand, stately,
Along the sloping hill,
And the huge rocks lend their echoes
To the mournful whippoorwill.

The strong oaks bend their branches,
As if they felt the power,
And bowed their heads in reverence
To the Spirit of the Hour.
The meadow grass sways lightly;
And from each rustling spire
Comes forth a pleasant murmur,
As from a fairy lyre.

The shadows now are deepening—
And, to the spirit's eye,
The dwellers of yon radiant spheres
Are gently drawing nigh;
And all their lucid drapery—
So soft, and yet so bright,
Is shaded with the mist-wreathes,
And woven of the light.

Behold, a mourning mother,
And a late-bereaved wife,
In her spirit-thirst is drinking
At the fount of inner life.
All the beautiful are gathering—
Her lost ones are restored—
And the precious balm of Gilead
Through her wounded heart is poured.

Uncrushed, though sorely stricken,
Beneath the tempest's sway
She bent, like the meek oxier,
'Till the storm had passed away;
For an inner strength sustained her,
As they went forth, one by one—
Until the last was summoned—
And the work of Death was done.

But now her soul is opened,
And her selfish sorrows cease,
And from their germs are springing
The olive buds of peace.
For all her bitter anguish
With beaming joy is rife,
While o'er Death's ghastly visage
Flashes forth the crown of Life.

Beneath yon stirring aspen
Where her bending form reclines,
It is not star, or moon-beam,
Whose light around her shines;
But a soft unveiling glory
From the shadeless world above,
Refulgent all with soul-beams,
From the radiant Fount of Love.

Around her throbbing bosom
Soft spirit arms are twining,
And through the evening shadows
Refulgent forms are shining!
They have made their radiant pathway
Through the arches of the sky;
And the perfect light of Heaven
Illumes each starry eye.

Their wings are furling round her,
And their voices murmuring low;
And sweet flowers of hope are springing
From the barren heart of wo.
All their robes are touched with glory,
As if penciled from the hues
That follow after sunset;
And softer than the dews

Are all their humid kisses,
As her conscious lips they press;
And like a spiral sun-beam
Floateth every golden tress!
Ah, soft as damask roses
Beside the sparkling streams,
That gush from Heaven's pure fountains,
Each cheek and lip now seems;

And every thrilling lineament,
In full perfection wrought,
Awakens some dear image
Of sweet, responsive thought.
Now! the cherished name of "mother"
Her conscious spirit hears,
And Love's own peerless rainbows
Are painted on her tears.

In the starry night's fair stillness,
When thought is most intense,
And the dim and darkling shadows
Hide the grosser forms of sense,
And the spirit's pure philosophy
A charm around us flings,
How sweet to watch the stooping
Of those celestial wings,
That cleave with their soft plumage
The still, untroubled air,
And learn the happy tidings
Which our loved and lost ones bear.
Then all the heart grows purer,
And the soul more strong and free;
And we lose Earth's jarring discord
In Heaven's sweet harmony.

"THERE IS NO DOUBT that there exist such voices;
Yet I would not call them
Voices of warning, that announce to us
Only the inevitable. As the sun,
Ere it be risen, sometimes paints its image
In the atmosphere; so often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events;
And in to-day already walks to-morrow."

[COLERIDGE.]

THE UNIVERCÆLUM

AND

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1848.

KNOWLEDGE THROUGH OBEDIENCE.

THE QUESTIONS are constantly being asked, "How shall we know if the doctrines now promulgated concerning spirituality are true? How shall we ascertain whether Man indeed have an interior organisation and spiritual senses, and an ever-unfolding life? How shall we know that the alleged facts in sacred history, concerning inspiration and prophecy and spiritual intercourse, are real? How shall we know whether man now can receive knowledge by intuition, as in the days of Jesus? How shall we know whether, as is asserted, a world of immortal and glorified spirits surround us, beholding us with their pure eyes, and surrounding us with their ennobling influences? How in fine, shall we escape from this coil of mystery and perplexity and dread, into faith and knowledge?"

Three different methods for the solution of these questions have been offered to the world;—the Miraculous method, the Metaphysical, and the Natural.

1. THE MIRACULOUS METHOD. The advocates of this view hold that man cannot, by the culture of his own nature, the use of his own reason, or the development of his own faculties, arrive at any satisfactory knowledge of spiritual and immortal things. They say, God has, by violation of the economy of Nature, given a demonstration of the existence of a spiritual world, and that the Bible is authoritative in every syllable and sentence—coming to us pure and intact from the infallible memory and omniscient intellect of God; and all that man has to do is to believe without reasoning; to receive with implicit trust. But the Supernaturalists are not led to positive and united belief, even with all the presumed advantage of their infallible guide. Presbyterians of the old school and new school find their respective tenets in the infallible directory. Congregationalists from thence derive their ideas of religious democracy; and Episcopalians find in it the authority for their splendid hierarchical system. To show the utter impossibility of arriving at a Unity of Faith by relying alone on the Bible as an infallible guide, one fact will suffice. The Universalist denomination receive it avowedly as an only, special and sufficient revelation, yet from it one portion of their order deduce the trinity and another the unity of God, some deduce from it the sentiment of materialism and others find a system of spirituality, some go to its pages and find there conclusive evidence of future retribution while others ridicule the idea. Systems most opposite and contradictory are believed by minds in the one sect, and both claim the same miracles as authoritative in proof of their respective views. The world has had the Bible for these many ages, and is still wandering in perplexity and gloom. If Christ, while living, could not make many believe, even though by his will he made the dead rise, and the lame walk, and the blind see, how can the record of a small portion of his words and doings open men's eyes on the invisible realities of the universe? If even in the days of the Apostles believers in Christ's authority differed concerning his teachings, how can we expect men to be united in faith at this remote era?

Believing, as I do, most firmly, in the intense inspiration of the Christian Scriptures;—receiving as genuine its statements of the wonderful works performed by Jesus,—having full faith in the divine purity, truthfulness and consequent authority of Christ, I must still maintain that those evidences cannot make all men believe, cannot make them see eye to eye, cannot give

them implicit faith in the coming life. Though the doctrines of the whole Spiritual Philosophy which we now advocate are, as I believe, found in the pages of the New Testament, and the whole confirmed therein by abundant evidence, man cannot believe without a change in himself.

2. THE METAPHYSICAL METHOD. Neither can men in their present state arrive at definite and positive results concerning spiritual matters by metaphysical reasoning. The notorious fact that there are almost as many different schools of philosophy as there have been philosophers, ought to convince us of this. During the last century the mind of Scotland, Germany and France has been stimulated into intense activity in this direction. System after system has been promising to explain the "true doctrines of the Infinite, the Finite, and the relations between them," and they have all in turn burst like soap bubbles. Spinoza, Kant and Hegel in Germany, De Holbach, Condorcet and Cousin in France, Hobbes, Locke and Stewart, in Great Britain—mighty men, builders of systems colossal and towering as ancient Babel—skilful in logic, and apt in dialectics, have all in turn had their day of popularity, and all seen their sun set in night:—and the student arises from their pages with the bitter conclusion of the ancient on his lips—"Of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness of flesh—but vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, all is vanity." The doubter goes to the philosopher for a solution of his difficulties, and the sage says, "read my books, study my system; that will cause your darkness to end in light." But the doubter reads, and finds his perplexities thereby increased. In spite of the growing fondness for metaphysical research, in spite of the legion of great names who have given to this theme the power and fervency of their intellectual faculties, the thinkers wander in a labyrinth of difficulties, and the multitudes grope their blind way despairing, "without God, and without hope."

3. THE NATURAL METHOD. The only path to knowledge is through Obedience. Taking for granted the point at issue that Man has a Spiritual Nature, senses and faculties, within the Material form, it would appear self-evident that the only way in which we can arrive at a knowledge of their existence, is by pursuing that course which will develop them, and awake them into activity. A Man will not believe that he has a spirit, that he is a Spirit till he feels it moving in majesty, the Divinity within. Then we cannot but believe—to believe in Spirituality is to believe that we ourselves exist;—to believe in the immortality of the Soul is but to have faith in the continuance of that Life which we feel within us,—feel to be perpetual;—to believe in God is but to believe that that spiritual life which we feel flowing into ourselves, flows from an Infinite Existing Source: to believe in Inspiration, is but to believe that those ideas of the true, and beautiful and right, those emotions of faith, and love, and joy, which flow with our lives into the mind, flow from the surrounding and all-loving Father; to believe in the infallible inspiration of Jesus is but to believe that into that perfect spirit flowed truth from the Divine Mind, and flowed out to man through that truthful medium as virgin light flows through pure transparent crystal, unstained and unrefracted:—to believe in miracles is but to believe that that Divine, life-giving Power, that enables us to open our own eyes, and raise our own hands, and rouse our own body from unconsciousness; flowing more abundantly into the eminently chosen of the Father, enables them to open their eyes, and lift the hands, and dispel the torpor of others,—to believe in a Universal Providence encircling all, and protecting all, is but to believe in the infinite extension of that providence which we feel and know to encircle and protect ourselves.

This does not trench upon the claims and offices of Reason, nor does not do away with the necessity of perceptive and inductive thought. It only gives Reason data from whence to deduce its far reaching conclusions, it gives a foundation on which to build the structure of a faith that shall reach with the eternal

heavens. It is folly to reason about the destiny of the Spirit, to speculate upon its immortality, till we know by self-consciousness what the Spirit is, and what are its faculties. But when we know by experience concerning them, then we can by induction ascertain our relation to God, to man, and to the untraveled Future. It is idle to speculate about inspiration till we feel the Divine afflatus resting on us—but then we are able to reason concerning its nature, and the laws which govern it, and to ascertain the true value and authority of those writings which claim to be divinely inspired. Thus our view does not fetter the intellect or do away with the necessity of its use—it defines its Scope, ascertains its powers and uses, gives it facts on which to reason, furnishes the quarry from where it can extract the marble for its splendid superstructure.

Neither does this do away with the necessity, or impinge upon the value of the divine revelations contained in the Christian Scriptures. It makes the New Testament a personal revelation to each of us, containing truths of momentous importance for our private ear. It opens our eyes that we may discover its consoling prophecies, its fragrant doctrines of piety and love, its authoritative directions concerning life and duty. Neither does this do away with the necessity of a divine Saviour and Guide. It makes us believe on him implicitly, makes us sit on his feet and listen to his holy sayings, the heart and conscience responding to every doctrine, Amen! Amen!

The only way then to Knowledge is through Obedience. Obedience to the Laws of Nature, the laws of our being, the laws of God so quickens our spiritual sight, so unfolds our spiritual Nature that we are placed in a position to see the Truth, to follow it—to be guided by it into all light and all happiness. This was the doctrine of Jesus, He has told us "that the pure in heart shall see God; and if the eye is single, the whole body shall be full of light." He has promised to his faithful disciples that the Divine Spirit shall inspire them and lead them into all truth, and they shall enter into the present experience of the immortal life, and have faith to overcome the world.

How shall we obey God, how shall we become followers of Christ and thus be led into the knowledge of those sweets which are the daily food of Angels, and of Just Men made perfect? The answer to this is plain. Obey the physical laws;—eat simple food, baptize with water, regulate and govern the appetites, control and subdue the passions, bring the temperaments into harmony. Obey the laws which relate to the outward man which is the "temple of the Holy Ghost." How can the man who drinks fiery stimulants, eats fever creating food, suffers the pores of his system to become filled with impurity, and yields himself up to the indulgence of maddened passions,—how can he enter into the Kingdom of God? Obey the Moral laws, love God, love your brother, cultivate principles of justice, and habits of tenderness, and thoughts of purity, and emotions of benevolence. Be kind to the poor, the erring, the ignorant. Love the Truth even if it be unpopular. Do whatever the Divine Spirit speaking through conscience dictates to you to do. Obey the Intellectual laws. Let Reason be free from all restraint. Meditate upon the daily unfolding truths which reveal themselves in the words of Christ, and the oracles of visible Nature, and the voices of your own soul. Carry the premises which you feel true out to their legitimate conclusions. Be honest with yourself. Look every part in the face, though it seems to oppose every bygone opinion. Follow in the pathway of the brightest light. Thus you shall unfold the faculties of your inward Nature, and thus being faithful in a few things, God shall make you ruler over many things—shall give you an empire over fields of knowledge that are tenanted by the Immortal and illuminated by a never-setting sun. T. L. H.

THINK NOT of "doing as you like;" the expression characterizes the headstrong, and the unjust.

A SIGNIFICANT PICTURE.

A SHORT TIME SINCE as we were passing up Seventh Avenue, we observed a number of persons looking at a picture in the window of the Bakery of the Protective Union. The painting we judged to be by our friend, Dr. Newbury. Of its artistic merits we are not competent to judge; nor can we now recollect all the details; but the general impression is very vivid upon our memory. The intention is to portray the unjust relation which capital sustains to labor in its present disorganized state, and denied of its just rights to a place to work upon, and means to work with.

The piece is composed of several groups, and the whole effect is sadly imposing. Above is represented the Aristocracy, rolling on couches of down, from the very rebellion of their natures against the artificial sloth imposed upon them, partaking of every luxury that skill can prepare. The Soldier, and Priest, and Merchant, and Noble, figures here, while menial servants pamper the tastes of cats and dogs and monkeys and other pets, with food and drink, for which the poor at their gates are famishing and dying. A side view shows us again the non-producing classes, passing unmindful, in the streets, the starving laborers, who are meekly supplicating a tithe of the bread, their own hands have produced; while the soldier with fixed bayonet stands guard over the hoarded grain, which the landlord and speculator are preparing to send to distant markets, and which already crushes with its weight the overburdened storehouse. Below is a section of a Coal Mine, with the miners employed: some crouched in crevices where there is just room in the veins for them to ply their hands. At other points women are seen chained to carts, drawing out the coal, and where there is not room for them to stand erect, upon their hands and knees, ("slaves cannot breathe in England!") and subject to the brutal taunts and even lash of their overseers. In the fore-ground is represented a group of deformed and most forlorn objects, who have gathered around a couple of healthy looking children, just lowered down to this gloomy pit from the world above. On the left is a veiled entrance, barricaded by bags of gold upon which Mammon sits with an exulting and fiendish expression, apparently singing "you can't come in," to Hope and Love who stand without, knocking and pleading for admission.

The whole is so arranged, as to show that the luxuries of the one class have been extracted from the toil of the other, and that the sufferings of the poor are principally owing to the lack of proper organization among themselves and consequent deprivation of those rights which can only be maintained by constant vigilance and union of the masses, by some guarantee which shall give to every member the privilege of self-employment.

Let no one say that this is an overwrought picture. The reflecting mind feels that it is truly drawn; but like all other works of imitation, falling far short of the reality. It requires but a small degree of intelligence to perceive that those who live in idleness and luxury must labor under contribution. If we are not able to trace the whole connexion, we may be able to see that all wealth is the product of labor, and nothing else; so that he, who lives without labor lives on the labor of others. With this simple proposition, the solution of the whole problem is complete. No just system will give one man power to compel the labor of another, whether it be by depriving him of his personal liberty, or of his just relation to the elements of nature, from which the means of subsistence are evolved through the agency of labor and skill alone.

When will the masses awake from this long sleep of ages, in which the grossest wrongs and impositions have been palmed upon the toiling, as necessary and providential! When will the working people look forth upon the light of day, and claim their birthright in this goodly heritage? Never till they learn

to have confidence in themselves, and trust each other, rather than bow subservient to the claims of Gold, will any important improvement take place. There are, however, many indications of approaching deliverance, not the least of which are such organisations as this Union, which, without any ostentatious forms, gaudy trappings or senseless mysticism, is being popular among the working men.

The Union here, organised by Mr. Davis, and to which we belong, is somewhat different from those at the east; mainly in this respect, that it proposes to furnish employment for its members. It also admits ladies, and will no doubt be the means of great good in thus providing for the unprotected female, who is subject to constant imposition and wrong. There is at present, an extensive Bakery carried on by members of the Union, and under the immediate supervision of the Trustees. As fast as their means and numbers increase they will organise other branches of Industry; and we are certain that much good will be the result. Besides the direct benefits, it will assist in teaching the laborer self-respect and self-dependence, and place him in a position to claim and exact his just rights to all the immunities of a freeman and citizen.

J. R. I.

A CHAPTER FOR THE MONTH.

AGAIN has steady, calculating, melancholy Time, with his slow-moving finger, passed calmly by the yesterdays of another July, without stopping to notice the division which man has made for August. Time has nothing to do with the division which Man makes. We endeavor to cut him in pieces, and parcel him out; but he still moves on, and mocks us. As the great wheel revolves upon its axis, we mark our months upon it; but he is careless of them, and they gradually wear away. Some other race may mark a new era, and number the years and months from some fading point in the past. But he shall heed them not. God only numbers the ages of worlds.

Once more, August, we bid thee welcome; month of rest to the weary farmer—giving him a brief repose between hay-time and harvest. Kind, benevolent August, whose lap is full of ripe fruits, which thou dost freely bestow to whomsoever will partake; thou hast somewhat abated the intense heat of July; and in thy maternal arms we may find something of repose. Now are the fruits of the generous, patient Earth ripening for the harvest. The peach, like a coy maiden, blushes and half hides itself among the leaves, yet peeping slyly through them. The various kinds of Apple are putting off their spring fashions, and for their dress of green assuming fancy costumes. The glowing Plumb nods upon its slender stem, or, without pity, casts away some poor unpromising one, which falls languidly to the ground; while the remaining plump citizens swell and exult in their present superiority; but they shall soon become too fat and heavy to be sustained, and unwillingly follow their poor brother to the earth. The Cherry is among the things that were; but in its place are the whole family of Berries—quite a republican family are they, by the way—quite free of all aristocracy and exclusiveness. The tender Red-rasp-berries have nearly gone; but the Black ones have stepped nimbly into their places, without a blush—and perfectly unconscious that they are any the worse for their complexion—nor do we find them so.

The old and the young are out in the fields, gathering the ripe whortleberries. Some are out in the bright sunshine, others are ungratefully breaking up bushes and all, and bearing them to the shade—where they pluck them at their leisure; and as they sit under the broad arms of some favorite tree, the hours glide cheerfully away. Now they watch the clouds, as they move along the heavens in grand and rolling masses, borne in silent dignity upon the pinions of the wind, to some great gathering of their airy forms. They are marshalling their nodding crests, in obedience to the signal-flash, and hastening to join the *Reveille* of the mustering Thunder. Now, indeed, are all crea-

tures warned by the black banner of the Tempest on the far-off heavens, to hurry homeward; while the repose is broken by the sharp conflict of opposing elements. But the fury of the storm is soon exhausted. The clouds wheel away and settle to their rest on the distant hills—over them appears a triumphal arch—the Bow of God—and the great sun, as he looks upon them, puts on their heads a crown of gold.

The farmer having filled his barn with new hay, is now watching his refreshed and ripened grain. The corn with its imperial tassel, and silken badge—the gracefully bending Rye, the more sturdy Wheat, and, not least, the Democratic Potato—the friend of the poor—all speak to him of wealth—of full garners, and a heavy purse. Perhaps as he marks the prospect of plentiful crops, his heart contracts with avarice, understanding not the lesson of Nature, upon whose breast is written “Freely as ye have received, freely give” and he resolves to join land to land, until he becomes rich by withholding that which God has given for all. Vain at last will be his endeavor to stretch himself abroad, grasping acre after acre; for Death shall benumb his extended arms, until he shrinks back to a few poor feet of earth. Oh ye who wait on Nature; rust not your souls with avarice. Let no unnatural, oppressed cry of those who have reaped, sharing not the harvest, be heard in the land; rather let the Farmer’s heart dilate with benevolence, in gathering wisdom from this, as other months. Then will he be in harmony with the “Eternal Melodies.”

TO AUGUST.

Hail, thou last fair month of summer!
Hail, all hail, to each new comer,
As the hours, those tireless things,
Bring them on their sweeping wings!

The birds that fly from tree to tree,
Sweetly sing their thanks to thee!
In the sun bright plumes are glancing—
Life to them is song and dancing!

Hill and dale they rove among,
Journeying with their callow young;
Berries bright with every hue
Gem the fields they wander through.

They have never tasted sorrow—
They forbade no dark to-morrow;
Present blessings swell their lay—
Careless they of yesterday.

Let us join their sweet devotion—
Lift our hearts with pure emotion;
Grateful songs, dispelling sorrow,
Span with hope the coming morrow! c. c. o.

MISREPRESENTATION.

EVERY MAN who advocates Ideas that the masses have not yet grown up to is denounced as a visionary; his sentiments misrepresented, his motives called in question, his character traduced. He who designs to labor for the enlightenment and elevation of mankind must make up his mind to be denounced and derided, and must forgive his opposers, for they “know not what they do.” The ignorance of the multitude is yet dense, and the majority of mankind are not prepared to understand or appreciate the most simple and evident verities. He who cannot bear patiently all abuse and scorn and indifference need not enter the field of Reform. But the man who is prepared to be poor and unpopular in his own day, to labor on whether his cotemporaries hear or refuse to hear, he shall do a work whose issues shall be everlasting, and whose memory shall never perish. Unto him shall be the gathering of the People, and his rest shall be glorious.

Choice Selections.

From the White Flag.

HUMAN HEALTH.

BY WILLIAM A. ALCOTT.

THE MOTTO of a medical journal, in Boston, many years ago, was, "The best part of the medical art is the art of avoiding (or preventing) pain." Such a motto was well enough for the time, but it does not answer for 1848. The progress of things during the last quarter of a century has taught us that the best part of the medical art is the art of promoting and manufacturing health.

True it is, that the idea of manufacturing health may strike some few individuals as rather strange; but not so with intelligent medical men. They know, full well, that health may as well be manufactured as disease; and could they get their living by it, would be ready to engage heart and hand in the good work.

Some have vainly, or at least shortsightedly supposed, that when the grosser forms of intemperance, and the more common form of disease were once removed from our midst, physicians would have little to do. Such persons overlook—or at least come short of the great idea that there is a world above and beyond the line of mere freedom from pain and actual disease which few have as yet entered. In other words, they forget that health, like knowledge and excellence, is progressive.

They also forget—or rather, as I should say, never knew—that this world of health which lies open to us beyond the line of freedom from disease, is as illimitable, at present, as the worlds of knowledge and moral excellence. That the more health a person has, the more he can get, to an extent which if not absolutely unending, seems to us to be so in our present "low estate." More than this, even; they oppose the sentiment. Nor is their opposition either strange or unaccountable.

But when this whole subject of improvement in health shall be as well understood as the subject of improvement in knowledge and religion is beginning to be, and when the medical doctors shall be as ready to teach us the art of manufacturing health, as the moral doctors now are, in some instances, to teach us the art of manufacturing morality and religion, then will commence a new era in human society. Then will be understood far better than now, the full import of the language of the scripture which says, that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

But let no individual for one moment suppose that this blessed period will arrive without human effort. As well might we suppose that the mind or any of its faculties will be cultivated, or the cause of morality and religion be advanced without human effort or human co-operation. There must be—such is the present economy of the Divine Ruler of the Universe—a due preparation for every great and important change in society. No millenium, whether to mind, heart or body, will be forced upon mankind by miracle.

We live in a world of means as well as ends; of causes as well as effects. We are under law, and in order to have the plans of the Lawgiver fully carried out, that law must be obeyed. Now, that there are laws of matter, no less than laws of mind and heart, no reasonable person will deny. Who, then, will deny that there are laws operating within the domain of the physical frame of man? Have these physical laws been obeyed? But can they not be obeyed? Has God imposed on us a code of laws which we cannot keep? No one will admit this. What then follows, but that physical law is to be studied and obeyed? And since this law has not been regarded for the last five or six thousand years, and disease, and premature

death have been the consequence, what shall hinder us from "turning the tables," by yielding obedience to all law for six thousand years to come, and reaping a great and glorious reward. Let us at least make the experiment. We can lose nothing, this is certain. On the other hand, we may gain—nay, more than this, our gain may be—I believe will be—incalculably great.

THE LIGHT OF HOME.

A PILGRIM hastened back from a far country to his home, with heart full of sweet hope: for he had not seen his dear parents and brothers for many years. Of course he was much in haste. But when on the mountains, night fell around him, and it was so dark that he could not see the staff in his hand. And when he came down from the mountains into the vale, he lost his way, wandered right and left, and was much perplexed, and sighed out: O, that some man might meet me, who would guide me out of my error into the right way; how thankful would I be to him. Thus he spake and stood still, waiting for a guide.

Whilst the lost pilgrim stood there, full of doubt and disquietude, lo! there glimmered in the distance a light flitting amid the darkness, and welcome indeed to him was its twinkling in the gloomy night. Blessings upon thee, he exclaimed, thou messenger of peace! thou informest me of the vicinity of human being! Thy dim glitter seems to me amid the darkness of the night as gladsome as the morning dawn.

He hastened with firm step toward the distant light, expecting to see some man carrying it. But behold, it was a jack-o-lantern, which, rising out of the marsh, was flitting over the stagnant pool. He, however, had reached the brink of an abyss: when suddenly he heard a voice behind him crying out: Stop! or you are a child of death!—He halted and looked around. It was the voice of a fisherman, calling to him out of his boat. Why, he asked, shall I not follow the friendly light! I am a traveler that has lost his way! Friendly light! said the fisherman. Do you so call the delusive light that allures a traveler to ruin? Infernal, wicked powers generate the nightly vapor out of the stagnant marsh, which imitates the glimmer of a friendly light. See how it flits hither and thither, the base offspring of night and darkness! While he thus spake, the deceitful *ignis fatuus* vanished.

The false light was extinguished, and the weary traveler thanked the fisherman for his salvation with heartfelt gratitude. The fisherman replied: Should one man leave another in error, and not lead him into the right way? We both have reason to thank God: I, that he selected me as an instrument of good to you—you, that things were so ordered that I should be in my boat on the water just at this moment.

Thereupon the benevolent fisherman left his boat, accompanied the lost pilgrim some distance, and put him in the road to his paternal home. He now traveled on with cheerfulness, and before him in the distance the light of home glimmered between the trees, with silent, modest gleam;—to him doubly delightful, as he had reached it through dangers and wanderings. He knocked, the door was opened, and father, mother, brothers and sisters hung upon his neck and kissed him, and wept for joy.

[KRUMMACHER.]

THERE IS A RELIGION in everything around us. It is a meek and blessed influence, stealing as it were upon the heart. It has no terrors—no gloom approaches. It rouses not the passions, and is untrammelled by the creeds, and unshadowed by the superstitions of men. It is from the hands of the Author, and growing from the immediate presence which pervades and quickens it. It is that which lifts the spirit within, until it is tall enough to overlook the shadows of earth—which breaks, link after link, the chain which binds it to materiality, and opens to our imagination a world of spiritual beauty.

Miscellaneous Department.

A GLANCE AT THE EARLY SETTLERS.

BY FANNY GREEN.

CHAPTER I.

"A fine haunt this for adventure, as even the good knight of La Mancha himself could wish," said Thomas Leverett, at the same time drawing in the reins of a fine bay horse, and pausing for his fellow-traveler and friend, George Wheeler.

"An adventure may be had, in these days, without the asking," replied Wheeler, putting spurs to a noble iron gray; adding, as he came beside his friend, "and for that matter, without the wishing."

"What, in beauty's name, hath possessed thee, man?" returned Leverett, with a sarcastic glance at Wheeler, whose countenance, however, appeared unmoved. "Why, George Wheeler, thou art possessed; and with none other spirit, I am constrained to believe, than that which dwelleth in yon sweet rose-bud of the Housatonic: these savages have a very cunning way of getting at the heart, through the medium of a sweet name."

"You have missed a figure for once, Tom; thorns, rather than roses, were the subject of my cogitations."

"And we may not reasonably expect to find roses without their common appendages, disagreeable though they may be. May I ask if the color of yours was appearing in the character of a thorn; or have you no particular distaste for copper?"

"I have a distaste for NONSENSE, especially at this time; so I beg you will be temperate in your indulgence. But the way is getting more perpendicular than suiteth Falcon's convenience, poor fellow."

"Let us dismount, then, and leave our horses here, while we ascend."

"Not for the price of mine, nor for the love which is beyond all price, would I leave poor Falcon," responded Wheeler, there may be, for ought we know, fifty Indians watching our motions this very instant, anticipating just such a result. Honest Falcon and I go, or return together."

"As you will," said Leverett, carelessly; "I am satisfied either to return, or proceed, with or without horse; but I am thinking, in case of meeting such neighbors as you hint of, we might have to tremble for ourselves as well as for our beasts."

"I have come to view the country from this mountain-top," replied Wheeler. "I know of no danger; and I should not consider myself a man, to turn back from an imagined one. At the right lies our path. Here are traces of no infrequent passing. This augurs good taste in the villagers. It must be a strong relish for the picturesque, which can overcome the many dangers that beset these wild passes."

"A strong relish for venison and wild fowl," responded Leverett. "Hast never heard, man, that the necessities of life precede its luxuries; that bread and cheese come before poetry and romance? The moccasin, I think, must be more familiar with these haunts than the hose and doublet," he added; "and yonder is an evidence." He pointed, as he spoke, to a small Indian settlement in a swamp below, round which a company of active and chubby children were at play.

"That is ominous," said Wheeler, as they passed round a crag, which gave them a fairer view; and he pointed to a throng of boys, who were holding a mimic war-dance round a fire, imitating, with admirable exactness, all the usual ceremonies.

"These little fellows have seen such scenes enacted lately, or, believe me, they could not hit off their fathers with so much spirit. Do you understand the affair, Leverett?"

"Not altogether."

"Those two fine boys in the foreground are sachems. The little wampum belt, the mantle, and, above all, that squirrel-

skin imitation of the human scalp, are royal insignia. They are concluding a treaty of peace with each other. See the little fellow, now leaning so gracefully on his bow, is offering the calumet to the other chief. It is accepted. Observe with how much dignified self-complacency they are puffing away. There that noble boy, just stepping out from the throng, is a keenomp, or captain. See, he extracts a brand from the fire and is fighting it, probably naming some tribe at war with that of his chief. This is an oath of allegiance. After he has taken several turns about the fire, all the time fighting the brand, which is an emblem of his enemy, he will be succeeded by others, till all are sworn. There is more in this than meets the eye. Depend upon it, were we sufficiently near, we should surprise the hated name of Yengee, on the lips of these little copper-skinned imps."

At that moment the mimic-battle cry rang out from the full chorus of their shrill voices, at which the restive bay of Leverett gave a sudden plunge, alarming as he did so, a flock of wild turkies; and as the magnificent birds rose to the strong sun-light of a clearing, the effect of their gorgeous plumage, reflecting as it did, many vivid and beautiful colors, was splendid in the extreme.

"These fellows have a roost somewhere in this vicinity," said Leverett, eyeing the flock as it passed. "Such noble game as that were quarry worthy of a monarch. But, look ye, George; yon little copper fiends have caught a sound of something in the wind, and they are dispersing into their respective wigwags."

"This must be the lodge of Monocho," said Wheeler, "the brave Nipnet chief, to whom our people have given the singularly unheroic and unpoetic name of One-eyed John."

Here the friends dismounted, and each taking his steed by the bridle, began the difficult ascent; being obliged for the time to suspend all conversation. And when they had fairly reached the summit, almost breathless as they were, a burst of admiration spoke them men of cultivated taste, and possessing a strong perception of the beautiful.

A view from Mount Holyoke, though not what it now is, had, even then, its own peculiar character of beauty, and perhaps even more of the bold—the grand—than it now possesses. Though the scenery might want the variety it now presents to the eye, there was a grandeur in the aspect of woods, as they were then seen, clad in all the exuberant leafiness of summer-tide, stretching afar, over meadow, plain, undulating hills and quiet valleys; now, almost shutting out the rocky cliff—now mantling the abrupt mountain; there was, I say, a degree of sublimity in such a prospect, of which one unpractised in the view of mountain and forest scenery can form but a slight conception. The luxurious prodigality of foliage, seen in the near view, as it was swaying to the wind, presented innumerable shades of green, all those shades continually changing with the continual motion; while, on the more distant hills and far-off mountains, it seemed to be wrought into one continuous envelopment of rich and dark drapery. The luxuriant meadows of Hadley and Northampton, bright with golden grain, interspersed here and there, with the deep green of waiving mazes, made a beautiful gap in the widely stretching forest; while, now and then, a little village was nestling, like an infant Eden, on the broad lap of its parent wilderness. Then the glorious Connecticut was seen, at first only an irregular line of silver, flashing amid the deep green of distant thickets in the far-off mountain-gaps, but gradually widening and moving along through the valley, with all the majesty of an acknowledged sovereign; and passing at length, to the Northampton meadows, through ranks of noble elms, that were bowing, as he came, like graceful courtiers in a monarch's hall.

CHAPTER II.

These observations, and others more characteristic, having been duly made, the friends secured their horses, threw themselves down on the mossy height, and, overcome by fatigue, were

for some time silent. The birds again resumed their wonted sports and labors.

"What beautiful bird is that, darting after that large blue-bottle fly?" asked Leverett. "His gaudy plumage flashes like a gem among the foliage. What can be more beautiful than the glossy black and rich vermillion, contrasting vividly, as they do with the deep green leaves."

"That is the tanager," replied Wheeler. "And, look! yonder glances the summer red-bird, like a living ruby through a sea of emerald."

"It is said," returned Leverett, "that the birds of this country excel those of England in the beauty of their plumage, but are deficient in their vocal powers."

"I am inclined to believe that is a mistake," responded Wheeler. "I could mention a dozen species now, with the glorious mocking-bird, the woodland Orpheus, at their head, that continually pour forth such strains of delicious melody, as the larks and nightingales of England never dreamed of. But, look yonder! do you see that cuckoo darting fiercely upon yon nicely sheltered nest? and see the mother-bird, hovering around, and uttering the most distressing cries. Our cuckoo, I suppose you know, is a confirmed robber and burglar. He attacks the nests of other small birds, robs them of their eggs, and destroys their young. But yonder comes the male proprietor of the nest, a purple finch; and if I mistake not, there will be a severe battle; for the cuckoo is a most inveterate pugillist; and the finch will either conquer or die, in defence of its mate and young."

Conversation was here suspended in strong interest. The finch approached, uttered a loud angry note of defiance; and then flew at the cuckoo, with so much force as to disable him at once. The robber, however, recovered himself, and succeeded, after several rounds, in wounding the finch; but the gallant fellow stood on his own ground, on the ground of right, and was not to be easily dispossessed, for he was strengthened by the sweet relations of paternity and conjugal love; and he carried himself right boldly, turning to his mate occasionally, with an encouraging note; for she had taken possession of the nest, and sat anxiously watching the conflict.

"A brave fellow!" said George, "and he battles nobly for the rights of home."

"I can hardly forbear giving the robber a taste of grape-shot," said Leverett, laying a hand on his rifle.

"Your interference is unnecessary," returned George; "the right is triumphant, which is not always the case in battle."

At that moment the finch made a home thrust upon his adversary which completely subdued him; and he fell, panting and almost breathless; while the victor, hovering over his nest a moment, and caressing his mate, rose into the air with a loud and triumphant cry; and the two spectators carried away with the spirit of the scene, actually cheered him as he soared away. Quickly he descended, in a rapid succession of curves, and perching on a spray just above his nest, poured forth an exhilarating strain of triumph and of rapture; while his mate responded with a low and mellow trill, to the cheering notes of victory. This strain gradually passed into a clear, melodious song, with such sweet and varied trills, as far surpassed the best efforts of the canary.

"It were worth while to climb the mountain, but for this," said Leverett. "See how the little fellow twitters with exultation, and, as he curves his beautiful neck, how various and rich are the shades of purple and crimson; and how completely his companion seems to appreciate his valor, and sympathize in his emotions."

"I have been observing them; but allow me to change the subject, Tom. You are just from the bay; is there any late news from our little mother over the Atlantic?"

"Oh, yes; Captain Standish has brought us a full budget. There is more grumbling about the trade and navigation acts; and more of the old story, evasion of customs. Our agents who

were sent over to adjust these, and other matters, are said to be enacting the courtier, rather more closely than suiteth us of the colony. They are bombarding Charley with compliments in fine style. They have presented five hundred pounds, a ship-load of spars, and a vast quantity of provisions to his navy in the West Indies; and they are now making liberal collections for the sufferers by the late distressing fire in London. With all this, there are strong symptoms of a design to establish universal episcopacy, throughout his majesty's dominions."

"How many years may it be before we slip our leading-strings?" responded Wheeler. "The time will come," he added, with energy, "the time of maturity, of national manhood, when England can no longer stretch her arms over the Atlantic, to oppress or control us."

"It is well I am a real friend, Lieutenant Wheeler," returned the other, "or your ambition might rise higher than it wots of. How would you like to be suspended from one of these goodly trees, leaving the honor of a rebel to posterity?"

"And yet the time is coming," returned the other, "when rebels will start up from every nook, and vale, and glen of this wide land, if asserters and vindicators of the rights of man may be so called."

"Why, George, thy imagination is running away with thy better reason, and that wild-fire enthusiasm of thine is getting at the throat of thy discretion."

"Mark me, Leverett," was the reply, "whoever is living one hundred years hence will find my words prophetic. By what right does England introduce acts into this distant country, for her own exclusive benefit? I tell you, Thomas Leverett, that the freedom and vigor of minds, nursed in the magnificence of scenes like this, are destined to grow beyond the pigmy size of their ancestors—to strike out new courses, and create new eras, in the history of man. Think ye that the dwellers by the Connecticut, the Hudson, the Susquehannah, and the Delaware, will long receive a ruler from the banks of the puny Thames; or the clans which shall have been gathering on the heights of Alleghany, drinking in grandeur of thought as an element of freedom, can forget the strength of their mountain-nurtured liberty, and come down from their wild fastnesses, to kiss the hand of a dictator from the carved palaces and lordly halls of England? I tell you, no."

"I am altogether unequal to the discussion of such profound topics, or rather I want imagination for such a far-stretching view," replied Leverett, who, being a governor's son might be expected to be loyal; and he added, "if I were, I should think the discussion dangerous. As a friend to my father and his family, I hope you will not circulate these sentiments more widely than may seem necessary; as you must know that he has already had sufficient trouble in his office, as collector of duties, the payment of customs being frequently evaded, under pretence that they are oppressive."

"And so they are oppressive," returned Wheeler, with much feeling. "I am no demagogue; but if any one asks my opinion, or I feel it incumbent on me to speak, either on this or any other subject, I shall do so. Freedom of opinion and of speech, I am come to think, are among the dearest rights of man; and while I live, I mean to enjoy and defend them to the extent of my power. I carry no gag, and I wear none."

"You say, the acts of England are oppressive," responded Leverett; "yet, by a single glance at the insignia of office you bear, you would be recognized as one pledged to sustain a system of wrong, so unjust, so deadly, that the restrictions of England upon us sink into nothing by the comparison."

"I acknowledge it. The reproof is just. Whenever I think of the wronged Indian, I feel myself a tyrant and a robber. Were I alone in the world, I would far sooner go into the wigwam of the red man, making his wrongs mine, than lift up my hand against him. But I cannot enter the field against my father; I cannot bring sorrow and disgrace upon my mother and

sister, or set an example of disaffection in view of my little brother. So far as circumstances, thus operating, permit my sympathies to be on the side of right, they are with the Indian; and the more hostile he is, the more I am constrained to honor him. I have been on friendly terms with some of their great men, and I have never found loftier range of thought, more en-
thralling eloquence, or greater magnanimity, than I have seen among them."

"You are an enthusiast, George."

"No, I am cold and spiritless; for I feel how impossible it is for us to appreciate, do them justice, or even to know them, enemies as we are constraining them to be. Metacomet, the hero of Mount Hope, though a savage, is a man, and a noble man. He is a greater hero than Alexander, inasmuch as a patriot is better than a mere selfish shedder of blood; and the time will come when he will be so acknowledged. I tell you, Leverett, and it is with awful earnestness, that my hand has been palsied, and my whole soul sick within me at the thought of wrong. It is an awful thing to go into battle, without feeling assurance that your cause is just. I shall make no aggressions, and assist in none; and if the war continues, I shall resign my commission. At any rate, for the present, I shall merely act on the defensive."

"Have you heard," asked Leverett, "that on the fourteenth instant five men were killed at Mendon, and a general rising of the tribes is expected?"

"I have heard the last but not the first. The business of my father and Captain Hutchinson in this vicinity, is to attempt to draw off the Nipnet Indians from joining Metacomet. They have already held a council, proposing terms of peace and alliance. The old men seemed quite pacific, and willing to accommodate matters; but the young men are, without doubt, eager for war. 'Who can read,' he added, after a momentary pause, 'in this beautiful, peaceful scene, all the horrors which are destined soon to come! The red chief may light his council-fire and hold his war-dance on this very height. Pointing to all this glorious land, he may tell his children it is theirs, given them by the Great Spirit, now unjustly usurped, wantonly snatched away; and that thought will be like a God within them, in the time of battle. Or when his strong men have fallen, or become slaves, here he may sit down, in the magnificent solitude of unfortunate royalty, and sing his death song, depart unlamented, for that blessed land, where, his own beautiful legends tell him, there are no tyrants and no usurpers."

"I am afraid," answered Leverett, "that our good King Charley will find but a sorry soldier in thee, George. Still I honor thy principles; and be thou friend or foe, I would trust thee with my life. Would that half the merry fellows who call me friend, had thy honesty of heart; though I am thinking, they are quite as safe, in default of that fermenting brain and hot head of thine. But, to step down at once from our sublimities, what has your stomach to say to a luncheon?"

"It seconds the motion promptly," replied Wheeler, and their valise being opened, the remains of a venison pie were spread out on the clean moss, of which they partook with traveler's appetites. Some crumbs, thrown at a distance, attracted the fearless birds.

"Hist! now, and we shall have a full concert presently," whispered Wheeler. "Yonder little bird, flitting so rapidly from twig to twig, is called the yellow-throat; and yonder is a large troop of the red-eyed warblers, which it frequently accompanies."

"Tell me, Wheeler, where you picked up all your knowledge? You are quite a naturalist."

"The love of nature generally occasions the knowledge of nature, or, in mercantile parlance, the demand produces the supply; and I have had frequent and good opportunities by field, forest and way-side. This wide land is but one great study for the naturalist; and surely none could be imagined more magnificent."

As he spoke the whole flock settled near them; the red-eyed warblers emitting a loud energetic burst of music, to which the deep but languid pathos of the yellow-throats made a singular but not unmelodious falsetto; and the little performers occasionally giving off a sweet and most exquisite cadence, prolonged and repeated, like the tender reverie of a loving heart; then, again, in the interval of the full choir, he would warble a low and delicious symphony.

"Let the copse of England match that!" cried Leverett, who was a connoisseur in music, "and they might match our mountains and our streams. But, hush! the melody is melting in the air, and the whole band have departed. What single note is that monotonous, but not displeasing one from yon solitary musician?"

"That is the woodpecker," replied George; and they were soon lulled by his low and unvaried chant. Conversation declined, and they lay for some time on the very border of the Land of Dreams.

The first consciousness of surrounding objects they had had for an indefinite period, was a sensation of the touch of cold flesh; and this brought their bodies into the perpendicular, and a hand to each rifle at the same instant. But when the friends stood confronting each other, in view of a new acquaintance, a perfectly honest-looking dog that had been making free with the remains of their pastry, a simultaneous laugh made the wilds echo.

"He is a noble fellow," said Leverett, laying a hand on the soft chesnut curls, that clustered round the head and neck. "A spaniel, by this beautifully waved hair; with a touch of the Italian grey-hound, by these perfectly beautiful proportions; while those short, half-erect ears and thick lips, indicate some affinity to the mastiff. What a paw is this! What a firmness of chest, and what a mouth! These fangs would give a panther a tremendous pull; and yet there is an air of gentleness about the honest fellow which seems to say he has been more familiar with the tender courtesies of maiden bower than the tug of war;" and he examined the various qualities of the animal with the critical eye of a connoisseur. "I have been trying to show my learning by pointing out some defect," he said at length, "but I am foiled, for once, and pronounce the creature perfect. Do you see this fine brass collar?" he continued. Let us read. Poor fellow! Poor fellow! 'Mohammed, Sultan of the West.' Modest pretensions, on my honor! And here, as I live, embedded in this profusion of curls, is a bouquet of syringa and eglantine. Ah, George! other hands than such as thine and mine have been familiar with these glossy curls."

"What is that just below the flowers?" asked Wheeler. "It looks like a little scroll."

"Upon my word, it is a billet-doux! Let us take a peep. Here is the writer's cipher, impressed very legibly in the wax, 'J. A. S.' and now for the superscription; for fair she must be, or she never would call forth such a sweet and delicate offering as this."

All this time he had been carressing the dog, and making very guarded approaches to the scroll; but honest Sultan, as if aware of the trust committed, snapped at the intruding hand and ran away.

"Right if he had bitten you," said Wheeler, laughing. "But come, let us make our descent in time to secure a good supper. It is said these villagers go to bed with the chickens." Thus saying, the friends arose, and shaking themselves from the dried moss commenced descending the mountain. When they had nearly reached the foot, they were attracted by a familiar bark from the clearing on the right; and, as they turned, the figure of a young girl, of uncommonly graceful proportions, dressed in a robe of snowy white, caught their eye. She carried in her hand a basket filled with fine large strawberries, while her luxuriant curls of golden brown were shaded by a gipsy hat of straw, which gave a pretty rural effect to her ap-

pearance. But there was an air of refinement, of graceful self-possession, of even courtly elegance about her which is not learned in woods. The friends declared at once she must be beautiful—not because they had seen a single feature, but because a being of such grace and elegance must have beauty. It so happened that their conclusion proved to be true, although not drawn from legitimate premises. As soon as she became aware of the vicinity of strangers, she called to a boy who accompanied her, and with him, followed by Sultan, turned villageward. Now she was seen disappearing behind the stem of a large tree left in the clearing; now, standing out in strong relief against a huge black stump, all the while playing a deeper game of hide and seek with the imaginations of the two ardent young men, than she was aware. Still she kept on, with a step and manner alike defying nearer approach; Sultan all the while frolicking in high glee.

"I am provoked with that puppy!" said George, as the dog turned, and looking back to his new acquaintances, and forward to his young mistress, seemed to express exultation in every movement. Sultan, at this moment, sprang forward, and leaping erect to the side of his young mistress, licked her hands, arms, and face, as if to assure her of his protection against the intruders.

"How exultingly he looks!" continued George, "the saucy villain! If I had not the most profound affection for all his species, I would put a bullet through him for sheer envy."

"Relapsing into your old habits again, eh, George? Well, I have not that in my heart which could condemn you now. Why she has the foot of Cinderella herself; and her step is buoyant as the summer breezes. I am getting poetical with the very sight; I, who never spoke, thought, or dreamed, but in the soberest of sober prose."

"I was never aware of that before," returned George; "indeed, I always thought you somewhat allied to the *genus irritabile*. But, waving this matter, Tom, I have a sweet little cousin in this village, who is, to confess truly, the main occasion of my business here. I have not seen her these six years. She was then just twelve, (four years younger than myself.) She is an orphan; and before the arrival of her grandparents in this country, was, with her little brother, placed under the care of my father. I never shall forget the day she left us, to go with her grandfather to their new home. When she had taken leave of the others she came to me, as I stood trembling for fear of being forgotten, and weeping with sorrow at her departure; and in the sweet confidence of her early age, put her arms around my neck, and hid her streaming eyes in my bosom. I distinctly felt her little heart throbbing against mine. It was too full for words; but putting her lips to mine, she gave a kiss, which inoculated me with the tender passion, I believe, for, to do my best, I could never forget it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A VISION.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELUM.

A VISION OF BEAUTY, or Greatness, which is the offspring of genius, seldom gives me a word to report; but always says to me:

I appear to thee as a model for thy life; receive thou life from my inspiration; and then go away to thy field of toil, and fashion thy character in the thought which I suggest; and then, when thou shalt have exhausted me, a larger and more perfect form shall appear, for thy further improvement. And, when thou beholdest aught beautiful, great, or excellent in any way, fall not prostrate and worship it; but stand up, erectly, by its side, a peer. Only childish, little, weak, lazy minds, adore and worship. Be not, however, proud, but great, and noble.

CHARLES WORTH

THE LYRE.

THE FOLLOWING, by Montgomery, though we have never heard them referred to, seem to us among the finest of his verses. They appear to have attracted less attention than they deserve.

WHERE the roving rill meandered

Down the green retiring vale,

Poor, forlorn ALCEUS wandered,

Pale with thought, serenely pale:

Timeless sorrow o'er his face

Breathed a melancholy grace.

O'er his arm, his lyre neglected,

Once his dear companion, hung,

And, in spirit deep dejected,

Thus the pensive poet sung:

While, at midnight's solemn noon,

Sweetly shone the cloudless moon.

"Lyre! O Lyre! my chosen treasure,

Solace of my bleeding heart;

Lyre! O Lyre! my only pleasure,

We must now forever part:

For in vain thy poet sings,

Woos in vain thy heavenly strings.

"That which Alexander sighed for,

That which Cesar's soul possessed,

That which heroes, kings have died for—

Glory!—animates my breast:

Hark! the charging trumpets' throats

Pour their death-defying notes.

"Soft!—the blood of murdered legions

Summons vengeance from the skies;

Flaming towns and ravaged regions,

All in awful judgment rise.

O then, *innocently*, brave,

I will wrestle with the wave.

"Blow, ye breezes!—gently blowing,

Waft me to that happy shore,

Where from fountains ever flowing

Indian realms their treasures pour,

Thence returning, poor in health,

Rich in honesty and wealth.

"Then shall Misery's sons and daughters

In their lowly dwellings sing;—

Bounteous as the Nile's dark waters,

Undiscovered as its spring,

I will scatter o'er the land

Blessings with a secret hand."

On an oak, whose branches hoary

Sighed to every passing breeze,

Sighed and told the simple story

Of the patriarch of trees;

High in air his harp he hung,

Now no more to rapture strung.

Lightly touched by fairy fingers,

Hark!—the Lyre enchants the wind;

Fond Alceus listens, lingers,

—Lingering, listening, looks behind;

Now the music mounts on high,

Sweetly swelling through the sky.

Now the strains to silence stealing,

Soft in ecstasies expire;

Oh! with what romantic feeling

Poor Alceus grasps the Lyre—

Lo! his furious hand he flings
In a tempest o'er the strings.

"Lyre! O Lyre! my chosen treasure,
Solace of my bleeding heart;
Lyre! O Lyre! my only pleasure,
We will never, never part:
Glory, Commerce, now in vain
Tempt me to the Field, the Main.

"What though all the world neglect me,
Shall my haughty soul repine?
And shall poverty deject me,
While this hallowed Lyre is mine?
Heaven that gave this Lyre, decreed
I should not be a broken reed."

LITERARY NOTICES.

HERALD OF TRUTH, FOR JULY.—With this number the Herald commences a new volume. We would earnestly commend it to public notice and patronage. Its Editor is one of Nature's Noblemen. This journal has one great and distinguishing merit: it is entirely free—its pages are open alike to the Conservative and the Reformer, and devoted to the discussion of all the great questions of Man, Church, State and Society, which interest the present age. Cincinnati, O: L. A. HINE, Editor.

WATER CURE JOURNAL, FOR JULY.—This periodical also begins a new volume with the present issue. It is enlarged and otherwise improved. It has passed into the hands of Fowlers and Wells as Publishers, and the people know that trashy, worthless works are never issued from their establishment. We only know of one objection to Water Cure. Invalids who are cured by it are apt to become heretical to the Orthodoxy both of Church and State. Water and a simple diet has a marvellous effect, as well on the interior man as his outward covering. It calms the senses, opens the perceptions to beauties in Nature before undreamed of, and makes men look through the shows and conventionalities of society into the truths they obscure. Success to Hydropathy and its advocates. The Baptism of Water must precede the Baptism of the Spirit.

WHITE FLAG AND GOSPEL ERA. Boston: D. J. MANDELL, Editor and Publisher.—This is a new publication, devoted to what its Editor calls the principles of Millenarianism. The principles are good, all but the *ism*. It advocates the application of the divine law of reciprocal justice and good will to all classes of men, and all institutions of society; recognises the need of a thorough and radical reform in the present habits, customs, modes of thinking and doing, that obtain among men; and promises to do an earnest, honest work in effecting a change for the better. We give it the hand of fellowship, and wish it God speed!

HUNT'S MERCHANTS' MAGAZINE.—We ought to apologize for not noticing this periodical before. It is deserving of a more thorough critique than we can give it. Not being versed in the mysteries of commerce, we can only say that it is universally commended by the commercial press both at home and abroad. We will only allude to two great merits which it possesses. Its moral tone is high and unexceptionable; and its literary notices are able, discriminating and judicious.

RELIGION founds society, inspires the Lawgiver and the Artist—is the deep moving principle. Religion has called forth the greatest heroism of past ages; the proudest deeds of daring and endurance have been done in her name. The greatest works of human art have risen only at Religion's call. The marble is pliant at her magic touch, and seems to breathe a pious life. The chiseled stone is instinct with a living soul, and stands there, silent, yet full of hymns and prayers; an embodied aspiration, a thought with wings that mock at space and time.

ELECTRO-MAGNETISM.

R. T. HALLOCK, MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN,
No. 12 City Hall Place, New York.

THE SUBSCRIBER would inform those who are aware of the invaluable curative properties of Galvanic Electricity, when properly applied to disease, especially those complaints which arise from, or are confined more particularly to the nervous system, that he has opened an office at the above place, where every convenience for its application will be found. Experience has confirmed the fact of its vast superiority in a great variety of diseases over every other agent known to ancient or modern science.

I have also made an arrangement with MRS. TUFTS, of Jersey City, a Clairvoyant of superior powers, who will attend at the office on TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS of each week, for the examination of disease. To those who are acquainted with this lady, and the precision with which she points out and prescribes for disease, nothing need be said; to those who are not, all I shall say is *come and see!*

New York, August, 1848.

INDEPENDENT CHRISTIAN SOCIETY.

COLISEUM, 450 BROADWAY.

T. L. HARRIS, Pastor.

THE HOUR OF SERVICE in this Society is changed from 3 1-2 P. M. to 10 1-2 A. M. A punctual attendance of the congregation is requested. SEATS FREE.

THE UNIVERCÆLUM

AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

THIS Weekly Journal differs in character, in some important respects, from any periodical published in the United States, or even in the world. An interior or spiritual philosophy, comprehensively explaining the character and operations of natural laws, accounting for their exterior phenomena and results, and showing the tendencies of all things to higher spheres of existence, is the basis on which it rests. It is a bold inquirer into all truths pertaining to the relations of mankind to each other, to the external world, and to the Deity; a fearless advocate of the theology of Nature, irrespective of the sectarian dogmas of men; and its Editors design that it shall, in a charitable and philosophic, yet firm and unflinching spirit, expose and denounce wrong and oppression wherever found, and inculcate a thorough Reform and reorganization of society on the basis of NATURAL LAW.

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In the EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT, a wide range of subjects will be discussed, the establishment of a universal System of Truth, tending to the Reform and reorganization of society, being the grand object contemplated.

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